

Even In Blackouts

"The Writer"

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Comfort is what we need, my baby
Listen and I'll show you how.

The sidewalk's the carpet
And the bushes are the wall
Through the sky last night
He covers his young

The cold blocks the cold wind whistling through

Where the sidewalk's the carpet
And the bushes are the walls
The moon's his lamp
And the world's his door

His eyes bleed salt crystal ice
And his hair, deeply swooshing sliced paper cuts

Where the sidewalk's the carpet
And the bushes are the walls
The moon's his lamp
And the world's his door

His young sleeping firmly inbetween
Kneecaps and pockets
Dreams of days resembling life

Where the sidewalk's the carpet
And the bushes are the walls
The moon's his lamp
And the world's his door

Kneecaps and pockets, dreams of days resembling life

"In the morning to the sound of worldfull news,
Slapping portraits he arises with his feet to attack.
Like comaraco worms, needles with teeth, he takes his
Young into his hand, and folds into a little square and
Slips it in his sock. He puts it in his sock."

It fits into his sock?

"Oh yeah."

He then walks away
With one foot
Tapping the pavement
And the other
Kicking up mulch

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